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The Wellsboro Gazette.

VOL. XVII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1891. NO. 24.

Wellsboro Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

TERMS OF PAPER:

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If not paid during the year 2.00

WRIGHT & CONEVERY,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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TIME	1 in	2 in.	3 in	4 in.	6 in.	10 in	30 in
1 Week	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$5 00	$8 00	$12 00
2 Weeks	1 50	2 50	4 00	5 00	6 00	11 00	18 00
3 Weeks	2 00	3 00	5 00	6 00	7 00	14 00	24 00
1 Month	3 00	4 00	6 00	7 00	9 00	15 00	30 00
2 Months	4 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	36 00
3 Month	5 00	7 00	10 00	12 00	15 00	25 00	45 00
6 Months	8 00	12 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	40 00	70 00
1 Year	12 00	18 00	24 00	30 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

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F. W. CLARK,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT Law, Mansfield, Pa. Collections promptly attended to.

GEO. W. MERRICK. ROB'T K. YOUNG.

MERRICK & YOUNG,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Wellsboro, Pa. Office in Cameron & Packer's new block—May 14, 1889.

H. P. ERWIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR, Wellsboro, Pa. Fine custom tailoring at fair prices. Good fits guaranteed in every case. Shop over *Agitator* office.—Nov. 10, 1890.

WRIGHT & CONEVERY,

JOB PRINTERS, in Wright's new block, Main street, over the drug store. All kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

FRANK H. ROSE,

DENTIST. Office over C. C. Mathers & Co's. store, Wellsboro, Pa. Preserving of the natural teeth a specialty. All work warranted to give satisfaction.—Nov. 23, 1888.

GEO. W. NAVEL,

HARNESS MAKER, Crafton Street, between Main and Pearl, Wellsboro, Pa. Light and Heavy Double and Single Harness made to order on short notice. The largest stock of Horse Furnishing Goods in Tioga county.—Mar. 6, 1888.

O. H. DAVIS,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY. Established 1877. Leading English and American companies represented. Special facilities for obtaining insurances on farm property. Office on second floor in Wright's Block, next to Gazette office, Main st., Wellsboro, Pa.—Nov. 23, 1885-1y.

RAILWAY GUIDE.

FALL BROOK COAL CO'S RAILWAYS.

Took effect November 30, 1890.

Syracuse, Geneva & Corning Division.

Going South. (Read up.)			STATIONS.	Going North. (Read down.)		
6	4	2		1	3	5
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
3 15	2 15	9 00	Lyons	7 25	10 45	6 25
2 57	1 57	8 40	Rose	7 40	11 00	6 40
7 12	1 15	8 03	Dresden	8 43	1 15	7 05
6 59	12 56	7 47	Himrods	8 59	1 30	7 20
6 50	12 46	7 37	Dundee	9 09	1 40	7 30
6 23	12 22	7 18	Watkins Sta.	9 22	2 48	8 03
6 05	12 06	6 57	Beaver Dams	9 31	3 37	8 45
5 35	11 30	6 30	Dp Corning Ar	10 20	4 05	9 15

Corning, Cowanesque & Antrim Div.

6	10	8	STATIONS.	1	3	7
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
3 10			Dp Antrim Ar	1 00		
3 10			*Summit	12 43		
3 25			*Round Top	12 30		
3 45	11 45	7 05	WELLSBORO	12 08	6 16	7 20
3 57	11 52	7 10	Stokesdale	12 02	6 03	7 12
4 05	12 20	7 13	Stokesdale Junc.	12 05	6 00	7 10
4 14	12 27	7 20	Niles Valley	11 48	5 43	7 03
4 18	12 30	7 23	Middlebury	11 45	5 43	7 00
4 18	12 35	7 27	Holiday	11 40	5 38	6 55
4 28	12 44	7 38	*Hammond	11 32	5 30	6 45
4 38	12 53	7 45	Tioga	11 25	5 20	6 38
4 42	1 03	7 55	Lathrop	11 16	5 10	6 28
4 50	1 10	8 05	Lawrenceville	11 08	4 55	6 20
4 56	1 21	8 16	Tinsley	11 02	4 48	6 13
5 10	1 21	8 20	Presho	10 53	4 38	6 06
5 30	1 50	8 40	Ar Corning Dp	10 35	4 15	5 45

Pine Creek Division.

10	6		STATIONS.	1	3	
P.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.	
12 15	4 15		WELLSBORO	11 45	5 25	
12 08	4 08		Stokesdale	11 52	5 40	
11	4		Stokesdale Junc.	11	6	
11 41	3 50		*Marsh Creek	12 19	6 04	
11 23	3 31		Arnot	12 36	6 20	
11 16	3 25		*Four Mile Run	12 42	6 30	
11 00	3 07		Tiadaghton	12 42	6 41	
10 50	2 57		Blackwell's	1 15	7 00	
10 40	2 50		Cedar Run	1 28	7 30	
8 30	2 15		Waterville	2 45	9 57	
8 00	1 45		Jersey Shore	3 45	9 00	
7 35	1 15		Newberry Junc.	3 15	9 35	
7 25	1 05		Williamsport	3 25	9 45	
P.M.	A.M.			P.M.	P.M.	

Cowanesque Branch.

24	6	8	STATIONS.	1	7	23
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
6 00	5 30	8 40	Ar. Corning Dp	10 35	5 45	6 20
5 28	4 40	7 55	Lawrenceville	11 15	6 28	6 05
5 38	4 19	7 39	Nelson	11 37	6 48	6 53
5 43	4 07	7 25	Elkhorn	11 50	7 00	7 08
6 00	4 00	7 20		11 55	7 06	9 40
2 22	2		Ar	12	10	10
2	2		Dp	12	7	10
2 00			Cowanesque	12	7	10
1 47						11
1 40						11
1						11
12 55						11

Addison & Pennsylvania R. R.

[illegible]

FRANK M. BAKER, Supt.

COTTS HOUSE

Bath Room and Barber Shop

[illegible]

NEW WAGON SHOP

[illegible]

Business Change

O. G. PADGETT

Has purchased the interest of Lucy B. Milliken in the firm of MILLIKEN & PADGETT, Wellsboro, and he will continue the business at the old stand, 102 Main street. A continuance of public patronage is solicited.

THE BAKERY

[illegible]

Choice Family Groceries.

I solicit a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon the Bakery, and will endeavor to keep the standard up to the high standard attained by the former management. No pains will be spared to keep this department of the business in the front rank. Choice Family Groceries, Fruits, Confectionery, Tobaccos, Cigars, etc., always on hand. Thankful for past favors, I hope by strict attention to business and fair dealing to merit a share of the public patronage. Remember the place, next door to Wellsboro House.

Confectionery and Fruits.

I take especial pride in the home-made Confectionery, which I guarantee to be absolutely pure. I defy competition on home-made Candy.

Nov. 27, 1890. O. G. PADGETT.

E. FAGAN,

Optician and Jeweler,

WELLSBORO, PA.

Having made the treatment of the eye a study, I am prepared to fit the eyes of those afflicted with defective vision in the best and most skillful manner. I use the best lenses and glasses that can be procured. A perfect fit guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY.

A large and elegant line of Solid and Silver-plated Ware. All the latest designs in Jewelry, Rings, etc. E. FAGAN.

Wellsboro, March 21, 1889.

HUGH YOUNG, Pres't. W. D. VANHORN, Cashier.

THE

Wellsborough National Bank

ORGANIZED, Oct. 8, 1888. CHARTERED, Nov. 10, 1888.

Capital paid in, - - - $50,000

Authorized Capital, - - $150,000

DIRECTORS.

JEROME B. NICHOLS, R. H. ARNOLD, ARAD. POLLOCK, HUGH YOUNG, JNO. N. HACKER, DELOS TUBBS, D. L. DEANE, W. D. VANHORN, R. B. RAINSFORD.

Our facilities for prompt collections are unsurpassed.

The management is liberal and up to the times. No charges are made to customers for collecting checks or for drafts on any points in this country or Europe.

Interest paid on time deposits.

We always have money to loan, on good security only.

We respectfully solicit your business, and if we get it we will do our best to keep it.

Wellsboro, Pa., Oct. 25, 1890.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

First National Bank

OF WELLSBORO, PA.

J. L. ROBINSON, Pres't. J. M. ROBINSON, Cashier. L. L. BAILEY, Assistant Cashier.

CAPITAL STOCK, $100,000

SURPLUS, - - $100,000

This Bank transacts a general banking business; makes collections, sells drafts on Europe, and gives prompt attention to all business at favorable rates.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Steamship tickets by first-class lines to and from New York.

With a record of twenty-three years of prudent and successful management marked by a steady growth of both Capital and Patronage this Bank does business on as liberal terms as are consistent with safe banking.

Wellsboro Pa., March 3, 1890.

Patents.

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at less cost than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

A FULL LINE OF

Fall and Winter Goods

JUST RECEIVED AT

E. S. BLACK'S,

Merchant Tailor.

GARDNER'S

Insurance Agency

WELLSBORO, PA.

Imperial of London, Hartford, American Central, Springfield, Citizens, Fidelity and Casualty

Tioga County People

When you visit Corning N. Y. do not fail to call at the

CRYSTAL CITY

One Price Clothing House,

Opposite the Nichols House, near the Railroad.

First-Class Tailoring Department

and a full line of

HOWE

Her Argument.

[illegible] and a sentence in one of his letters is straight and tall.

He has good teeth and reddish eyes, nice hair, his hands are small.

on every block you'll meet a man much handsomer than he.

But then, I love him, that makes all the difference, you see.

Not rich—far from it. He is just a book-keeper down town.

Of course his salary can't be much; he works for Black & Brown.

I dare say we shall have to take the smallest kind of flat.

To start with; but I love him so I shall not care for that.

He don't talk great at all. He doesn't paint nor sing.

Nor play the piano, nor show, in fact, a special taste for anything.

One of the commonest way. He smokes more, than he ought to do.

But then I love him, and I've resolved to love tobacco, too.

And now he has left—never more to see him an angel, perhaps.

He says he loves me—but I think he's nearly perhaps.

And even if he doesn't I mean to try to make him mine.

Because I'm sure my heart is ready for—some love.

Other women may laugh at me, but I forget that everybody's queer.

It doesn't matter much, nothing will. You think I am jesting?

You say I may—to myself a slave, and wonder how I can?

But, dear, I see you don't know what it is to love a man.

—Malcolm S. Bridges.

A SAFE DEPOSIT.

By REV. E. EVERETT HALE, D. D.

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CHAPTER I.

Antony Blake left the office of Rumrill & Co. a good deal disappointed. He was himself a shrewd and intelligent fellow. He had secured the patents on his new invention, and was ready to proceed with the manufacture. He had carried the papers, the drawings, his model machine to Rumrill & Co., and they had them in consideration. They now offered him $800 for the whole thing if he would turn it all over to them. He had proposed one and another scheme by which he should go into business as a partner with them. These had been referred to the managing partner to the Mr. Jorkins behind the scene, who was an imaginary person created for the purpose of saying no when the managing partner was ashamed to. Practically all these schemes had been refused, and Antony was now to take the $800 or nothing.

This was not his first experience in such business. He knew by this time that the people who bring things before the public, be they inventions, be they books or be they ideas, generally expect to be well paid for doing so, and he knew that the system of co-operation, which people are hiding for and praying for, was by no means yet established. With some bitterness of feeling, it must be confessed, though he was a good natured fellow enough, he walked down the street of Tamworth considering whether he would take the $800 and be done with it, or whether he would go to Pittsburg and see if there were better chances there.

Antony Blake did not believe in debt. I beg—how to live on a few little money, but for all that he had very little money in store, and he certainly did not have the $10,000 which would be necessary for him if he were to equip a little machine shop of his own and make his own automatic car coupler. But, as it happened, he was a person well esteemed in the whole community of Tamworth, as he deserved to be.

I should like to know, however, how much of this esteem he owed to one queer circumstance. While he had to start in life with absolutely no property it happened that he did hold as trustee for his mother some bonds which he considered worthless in the second issue of the Cattaraugus and Opelousas railroad. These bonds had long since been taken off all lists known to brokers, and it was long since any coupons had been paid. Still the Cattaraugus and Opelousas existed and there were sanguine people, among whom his mother was one, who supposed that at some time payment would be resumed. Antony, being her adviser, that he must keep them in one of the security vaults which are now established in all the considerable cities. He had hired a modest safe at the Amicable of Tamworth, and at the Amicable you have the facilities of a charming reading room, where are all the new magazines, where you can wash your hands if you need, you can make an appointment with a friend, you can write a note on the Amicable's paper.

These facilities are thrown open to you because you have hired, perhaps for only $10 a year, a safe in that bank. Antony had found that he was by far the best club room in Tamworth. In that city they have what is known as the "Strangers' Rest" well [illegible] can go in and [illegible] all the conveniences and [illegible] go out again [illegible] in the long [illegible] for him [illegible] could [illegible] know [illegible] common [illegible] since [illegible] room [illegible]

CHAPTER II.

It is possible that there are one or two of the humbler readers of the Rumrill & Co. who are not acquainted with the careful machinery of a security safe company, and as the story hinges on that machinery it may be well to explain it. You see you are to have the double combination, patent, absolute security that is given to the largest corporation in the world—say the Bank of England—and at the same time you who are no more as Antony Blake are to have your own little separate cell in which your own property is kept, and nobody else in the world may interfere with it. All this is arranged by a very ingenious system of policemen, attentive clerks, doorkeepers, gilt pickets of iron, iron floors below and above, so that fire cannot burn your secretion nor water drown them, nor thieves break in nor rust corrupt them.

The most honorable and virtuous wardens are selected by the most ingenious and hardly approved competitive examinations. You present yourself at the gate and you are personally known to the warder, who speaks to you cordially, and opens the gate to you, as he would not do if you were one of those unknown loafers who have no safe in the security vaults.

You pass through this prison gate joyfully, for you know it is no prison to you. You tell him that the day is fine, or that it is rainy, as it may happen, and pass on till you come to another gate and another warder. You tell him that it is fine, or that it is rainy, as before. He also calls you by name, and says that you are looking well, and you enter a second passage. This passage is provided with little catacombs or columbaria, precisely like those under or near the city of Rome, except that these are much smaller, and that those catacombs have now no doors, but in the security vaults each catacomb has a little iron door, and these doors are numbered.

You remember by mnemonic processes known to yourself what is the number of yours; the number of Antony's was 4,927. You meet in this passage a smiling, gentlemanly friend, who also calls you by name, expresses his hope that you are well, and tells you what the weather is. You also tell him. These are not passwords, but they are the civilities of the occasion. You then mention to him, in a whisper if you please, the number of your box. He affects to remember—does remember, perhaps—and with his key adjusts the lock of your catacomb. But please to observe he cannot open the catacomb, because he has not your key. Your key has been given to you long since when you hired your catacomb. You then open the catacomb with your key, which you cannot do till he has first turned his key in the lock. In the catacomb you find a long, narrow tin box, unless you should be a very great man. In that case you have a large catacomb and you have a large tin box. But Antony was a very little man, as the reader knows, and he had therefore a box long enough for any coupon bond, but not large enough to contain many.

He drew out the box, thanked the courteous attendant who passed warder No. 2 to [illegible] again, if all was right, and then in the passage between Nos. 1 and 2 selected a little room, like that in which you can write in restaurants of [illegible] when it is supposed that you are ashamed to eat oysters and wish to have a separate cell assigned for the purpose. You go into this cell, which you find lighted. There is a little table for you, with a pen and ink and blotting paper and a pair of large scissors. These scissors are there that you may cut off the coupons from your bonds.

Observe with admiration that both the requirements which have been referred to are fulfilled. You are here as lonely as Robinson Crusoe was before Friday came. All your wealth is in your hands; you can do with it what you choose. A minute before this wealth was in a safe which nobody could give you could open, and a minute hence it will be in that safe again.

On this occasion Antony Blake found some difficulty in opening his box. His key seemed to be out of order, but being an ingenious person it happened that he had a little skeleton key with him, and with this he threw open the lock of the box. He saw in a moment that it was already in that corridor of the columbarium, and was opening his safe to put his box away. The lock made some little obstacle, and he had had his box on the floor that he might have both hands in handling the key. Edith had to wait a moment for his operations to be finished, and, as it happened, she laid her box on the floor as she stood by him, in fact. If the reader is curious putting on her gloves at the same moment. Antony touched his hat to her stooped picked up the box and put it into his own safe, without any thought that he had made a transfer. He passed out of the doors selected the wardens and was gone. Edith put [illegible] into her safe, and as the reader knows, the name was completed without a thought from either party.

It was [illegible] Blake was well in [illegible] with the various [illegible] at city [illegible] in the [illegible] red the [illegible] to be her [illegible] Amicable, [illegible] in Antony's Cattaraugus and Opelousas bonds and his hundred dollars.

Of course Edith knew she had made a mistake, and she instantly supposed, as she usually did, that everything which was wrong was her own fault. This, then, was the first result of her father's training her to business—that she had lost all her own property, and had stolen some other property of vastly more value, for the girl knew nothing of the worthlessness of the Cattaraugus and Opelousas, and it was very easy for her to see that whereas she had left in her box only thirty or forty thousand dollars' worth of bonds, she had under her hands two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the second issue of that unfortunate road.

She did not do what Antony did, however. She took the whole parcel, hundred dollars and all, and put it into her little satchel. She put back the box into her safe, and as quickly as she could escape the eye of the warders, all of whom she thought looked on her with suspicion, as if she were a detected thief already, she rushed to her little coupe and bade William drive her directly home.

Her only thought was to tell her father all that had happened and to confess that she was a fool.

Of course this would have been the true thing for her to do, but there was unfortunately a delay. Her father was in Chicago for two days, and Satan had all that time to inspire her with other counsels. Now, although Satan might have done his worst before he could make Edith [illegible] do anything wrong, it was equally in his power to make her do something very foolish. For, as Emily Kingsley well says, when the devil cannot achieve his purposes by sending a knave he does the same by a much easier process and sends a fool. For the more she brooded over the matter the more the poor girl persuaded herself that she had better not, at first, speak to her father. Besides the feeling that she was a fool and had made a horrible mistake there was a little side trouble which increased and increased as she thought of it till it at last became a giant Afrite, destroying all her peace. It was the recollection that she had put in her box the six letters which had been intrusted to her by her cousin Evelyn.

Now this Cousin Evelyn had had a horrible love passage with Fergus Mackintyre. I have no right to call it disgraceful, though I am very glad that none of my readers was ever so compromised. It was a very bad business, and Evelyn had been pulled out of it only with great tact and difficulty. All the compromising letters had been brought together and should have been burned up. Instead of burning them Evelyn Haidman, whom she heard Edith had a care of her own, had begged her to take care of them, and at his second visit to the safe Edith had put these letters with her bonds. The reader knows what had become of them.

Now this was the only secret which our poor Edith had ever had from her father. She did not want to have these letters brought to light by any investigation which should be made. The poor child instantly fancied herself before a police court as a thief; she fancied the [illegible] opened by a judge and these letters of Evelyn's and Fergus' read aloud and printed in all the Sunday newspapers. She cried over it; she wrote a note to Evelyn which she destroyed; she wrote another note, which she destroyed also, and finally said to herself that she had rather lose all her own property which was in the safe than have any revelation made as to what was in the box. If she could only be sure that whoever had the bonds would burn those hateful letters it seemed to her that she should be perfectly happy.

In all this of course Edith Lane was quite wrong; but, as the reader will see, she was in a false position, which she had stumbled into really from no fault of her own.

Poor Antony P[illegible] is the po[illegible]o [illegible]rves from [illegible]deration [illegible] did not [illegible] would [illegible] bonds and [illegible] they [illegible]

DRAMATIC REPORTER.

PECULIAR BRANCH OF NEWSPAPER SERVICE IN VOGUE IN NEW YORK.

Not a Critic but a Gossip Gatherer—Col Mapleson as a Press Agent—An Amusing Story of Edwin Booth.

A few days ago one of our newspapers contained an account of how two young men went to nineteen theaters in one evening and saw something of the play at each one. If these young men had been on the newspaper I should have been very much surprised at their performance as a feat to boast of for the same thing is done every evening by representatives of each of our large newspapers and the reporter is not only to look in at the house, but often interviews the manager and sometimes one or two of the players.

The critics, both musical and dramatic, have nothing to do with the news of the amusement world. If an actor falls dead on the stage, the critic may mention the fact, but it is the duty of the dramatic reporter, if the accident happens in a theater, or the musical reporter, if it is in opera house or a concert hall, to find out all about it and treat it accordingly.

I believe that Mr. Leander Richardson, now the editor of one of our dramatic journals, was originally responsible for extending the field of dramatic journalism so that it might take in everything, from the details of the star's private life, down to the color of the chorus girls' stockings. Richardson was employed as a reporter on the *Times*, when, ten or fifteen years ago, he began to make daily notes of what this or that actor or actress had told him. He was acquainted with many professional people who were only too glad to see their names in print. Richardson did his work so well that the place of theatrical reporter was created for him on the *Times*, and for several years his duties consisted in visiting as many theaters as he could every evening, and following up every bit of gossip about theatrical people. If Miss Lillie Russell had made up her mind to elope, he knew it before she did and told the readers of his paper all about it. Managers have told me that they often looked among Richardson's notes to find out what was going on in their own companies.

One night last winter I was told by a clever and pleasant young fellow who had for two years held the place of dramatic reporter for one of our important papers, that in his rounds that evening he had received no less than three offers to join theatrical companies as their press agent. One of the offers came from a New York manager who would require no traveling with his agent and would pay him $50 a week, with a vacation of a month in summer. His duty would be to get all the free advertising for his employer that he could manage. It may seem strange that a manager and his clerks can not write what are known as press notices so that they will suit the editorial eye and find their way into print, but it is a well-known fact that a fluent writer with a knack for dressing up little bits of news or gossip for print is as rare as he is indispensable in every large theater. It is the duty of this man to know that the chorus girls' stockings were changed to match the prima donna's last dress, to put this fact in such shape that it will find its way into print as an amusing item.

The famous, Col. Mapleson, once commander of Her Majesty's operatic forces, who made a great deal of money by giving Italian opera in this country, was his own press agent, and a most efficient one. Mapleson used to say that he got more free advertising in a week than other managers got in month, simply because the reporters knew that he was always ready for them with some tale worth printing. He kept a special note-book devoted to such stories or anecdotes as might look well in print. If there was a squabble in his company, he was the first to send word down to the newspaper offices, with a request that the reporter should call upon him. He reveled in squabbles, and I have more than half an idea that some of the furious feuds between members of his company were organized by the gallant Colonel in order that the newspapers might find a pretext for devoting a few columns to his affairs. He used to tell the critics that he liked abuse, provided that there were columns of it; he could stand anything but silence upon the part of the press. When his prima donna had her diamonds stolen, which happened every season, he had no end of reminiscences about such misfortunes, and he was always more than willing to tell the reporters all about the affair, incidentally mentioning the fact that the opera house was always crowded, and the performances under Col. Mapleson's direction the best that America had ever seen.

Mapleson was a remarkable press agent, but he was too extravagant to succeed as a manager. He made a clear profit of about $20,000 a year during the six or eight years of his [illegible]ve, but he spent $25,000. [illegible] never knew what it was [illegible]arted. No matter how [illegible] his straits, he found [illegible] dinner [illegible] wear a [illegible] rose

AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.

The Remarkably Veracious Story Related by a U. P. Railroad Conductor.

The Union Pacific express had just left Truckee, bound east. The conductor had just had the tickets of two passengers who had boarded at that point, and was again at liberty to pursue the thread of one of the many narratives to which I had been an interested listener.

You [illegible] Injun, [illegible] said he, [illegible] I was a young man in a mining camp [illegible] and they hated a white man like pisen. That reminds me of a little adventure I had which will give you an idea of how bitter an Injin can hate.

"I was down to Silver City in the fall of '61. I had just returned from a successful prospectin' tour, and was sort o' lungin' around waitin' for somethin' to turn up. I was gettin' about sick of doin' nothin', when who should I meet on the street one day but Bill Winter, the partner of many of my adventures.

"'Hallo, Captain,' says he, 'just the man I'm looking for. Got anything to do?'

"'Well, no,' say I; 'I'm kinder rustlcatin.' Anything startling on?'

"'Yes,' says Bill, 'there's a prospectin' party down here waiting for a captain. You'd better take charge.'

"'Done,' says I; 'I'm your man. What direction are we aimin' for?'

"'East, following the course of the Carson River to the fork, near the lake, then towards the Augusta range,' says Bill, and then, just anywhere.'

"'Whoop! here's sport. Well, I kinder guess I will go,' says I. 'I know the country like a book.'

"In three days we were provisioned for a two months' trip. Four horses and a heavy wagon completed the outfit. There were twelve men besides myself I always did hate this number thirteen, and I felt kinder blue when I counted the party, but said nothin'.

"We made twenty-two miles the first day, and at sundown went to camp by the river. After supper we pulled straws for picket duty, and Bob Mullen was chosen for the first two hours. Bill Winters for the second. A puff at the pipe made us all sleepy and by 9 o'clock the camp was quiet.

"I guess I'd been asleep 'bout an hour when I was startled by an unearthly shriek. Others were wakened, too, and we jumped to our feet and made for the direction where Bob had been pacing on guard an hour before. The moon was shinin' bright, and I soon found Bob. Poor fellow, he had been stabbed in the back and was dead. Closely examinin' the damp sod near the body we found the hoof-prints of a herd of wild hogs, who had scampered away with Bob's dying shriek. These hogs, I want to tell you, were common camp-followers, and when a man was on picket would come snoutin' and grunting around the camp. A feller wouldn't bother 'em unless they got in his path, which they rarely did, and then he'd simply kick them out of his way and pass on.

"'Nothin' happened the rest of the night. At sunrise we buried poor Bob and again examined the sod prints, but nary a trace of anything human could we find.

"The next night, after a hard day's tramp, we made camp, had supper, and were soon dead asleep. At 10 o'clock Jake—I forget his other name—gave a half yell which startled the camp and—well, we found him just as we had found Bob, stabbed in the back and stone dead.

"I'll never forget the cold chill that passed over me nor the awful black feelin' which was plain on every face. We were all dazed, and no wonder. There wasn't a man in the party who wouldn't face death in a fair fight, but this arrangement gave a feller no chance at all. The boys wouldn't back out of the night's picket and took their duty without anything unusual happening.

"The following night, Bill, my old partner, gave me a quiet hand grip and took the first picket duty. I was to take the next following him. At 11 o'clock Bill touched me lightly on the shoulder and said:

"'Be careful, Cap., keep your eyes open?' gripping my hand at the same time.

"'Looking carefully to the condition of my rifle, I took my place on the [illegible]. I made up my mind I wasn't going to be stabbed in the back, so I kept my eyes in all directions at once. If such a thing were possible. I was beginning to git kinder careless, when I noticed a herd of hogs snootin' and gruntin' at the other side of the camp, near the horses. They slowly worked 'round my way while I watched them curiously. Four or five of the beasts crossed my path, but the remainder of the herd passed to the right and behind me. I was just turnin' my head to the left to resume my walk, when like a flash I caught the shadow of a standin' figure within four steps o' me. I fired and a shriek rent the air which might have been heard a mile. Before you could say Jack Robinson the camp was on top of me. I'll be hanged if they didn't nearly shoot me by mistake.

"This, of course, cleared the mystery. The Injin had got a boar's skin somewhere, and disguising himself in it had gone among the hogs as one of 'em.

"You can bet we didn't allow any more hogs around our camp the rest of the trip.

"[illegible]o, there's the whistle for Reno. Good-bye, stranger. This is the terminus of my division."—*Detroit Free Press.*

INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE.

How They Talk with Their Hands. The Meaning of Hooked Signals.

All Indians are able to understand each other and to converse freely by means of the sign language. Its signs differ materially among different tribes, but are so similar that no one is puzzled in conversing with a stranger. The sign language is the result of all languages to which it is found ever [illegible]

Suppose an Indian on a [illegible] riding together on the prairie meet another Indian. The latter is suspicious. He raises his hand, palm outwards. This means "stop." He then points to the white man. The other Indian understands him to mean that he is suspicious of his companion.

Pointing with the right forefinger several times indicates, "Who are you?" If a Crow, the Indians raises both his hands to his ears and flaps them like wings. If a Blackfoot, he raises his foot and strokes the sole. If a Sioux, he draws his hand across his throat.

Pointing toward the white man the Indian is understood to ask: "Who is he?" The first Indian by crooking his two fore fingers together, informs the stranger that he is a friend. Suppose he puts each breast with his forefinger and points to the white man and then to himself, he means that the white man is a very dear friend or a brother. This sign signifies that they both nursed the same mother.

Now, suppose the Indian wishes to indicate to the one who is the companion of the white man that he knows differently and considers the latter to be a bad man, he raises his right hand to a level with his right ear, extends the first two fingers and passes his hand in a straight line across his chest toward his left shoulder. This means "Your last statement is not true." If he then throws his right hand outward, scattering his fingers, he means, "He is a bad man."

A brave man would be indicated among the Sioux by clinching the fist and thumping the breast once.

The signs for death are graphic. To say "He is dead" an Indian would raise his forefinger and drop it back downward to a horizontal position. Dying is indicated by moving the forefinger slowly downward toward the earth. For nearly dead, but recovered, an Indian will use the last sign, but will slowly raise the finger again. For "killed" a sort of stabbing motion with the right hand is used.

The elements are indicated in just the manner one would expect. A circle formed by the forefinger and thumb of one hand in some instances, and of both in others, means "the sun." A semi-circle formed by the forefinger and thumb of one hand means "the moon." The hands raised with the fingers hanging downward and then dropped several times as if shaking water off means "rain."

A tree is indicated by holding the hand palm upward and the fingers raised, then moving at once upward. Growing or to grow is read several times with a jerky motion. The same sign is used to signify smoke, only the hand is slowly raised without the jerky motion.

For nothing, none, I have none, etc., the Sioux pass the palm of the right hand, back of the left hand, from the wrist to the tips of the fingers. Silence is indicated by holding the finger upon the lips. Holding a blanket out with the hands far apart means, "We have discovered buffalo," or used to when there were any. Raising a blanket on a pole means, "We are going into camp." Waving a blanket toward the legs means "You may approach." Riding around in a circle means "There is game." If several Indians do this in opposite directions, passing and repassing one another, they mean, "There are enemies."

Signalling at a distance with pillars of smoke or fire and shooting a blazing arrow far into the sky at night, are other methods of conversing with, or giving warning to friends at a distance.

How Gen. Hooker Got His Character.

"Gen. Banks's story about his war character," said Pension Attorney Bond, "recalls to mind one Hooker note in 1863, and especially at the battle of Chancellorsville. Few people know how Hooker came by that horse. I will tell you. When Sickles's corps was camped all day on the road [illegible] going to be stabbed in the back, so I kept my eyes in all directions at once. If such a thing were possible. I was beginning to git kinder careless, when I noticed a herd of hogs snootin' and gruntin' at the other side of the camp, near the horses. They slowly worked 'round my way while I watched them curiously. Four or five of the beasts crossed my path, but the remainder of the herd passed to the right and behind me. I was just turnin' my head to the left to resume my walk, when like a flash I caught the shadow of a standin' figure within four steps o' me. I fired and a shriek rent the air which might have been heard a mile. Before you could say Jack Robinson the camp was on top of me. I'll be hanged if they didn't nearly shoot me by mistake.

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"You can bet we didn't allow any more hogs around our camp the rest of the trip.

"Listen, there's the whistle for Reno. Good-bye, stranger. This is the terminus of my division."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. [illegible] is charitable and Mr. Hartwell, who is giving away [illegible] to the needy. Long life to your [illegible] ence I'll never see a gloom again but I'll think of you! Life.

Home, Home and Fruit

[illegible] raising [illegible] [illegible] and never fail to [illegible] first season. What she was taught one Walter already knows. She was taken through the [illegible] she was introduced to the attractive wards, and she had assisted to hew one of the smallest safes exactly such a safe as Antony Blake had, and as it happened the [illegible] has always paid the best [illegible] at the [illegible]

In point of [illegible] Antony [illegible] had [illegible] by third [illegible] the [illegible]

CHAPTER III.

[illegible] Blake [illegible] to the [illegible] center of the [illegible] full [illegible] tion of [illegible] [illegible] up the [illegible] of the [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1891.

FRED K. WRIGHT, . . FRANK CONEWEST,

Editors and Proprietors.

SENATOR QUAY has gone South in search of health. That denial of the specific and damaging charges against him was too much, and he has given way under the strain

SOME of our Republican contemporaries have been howling about the defiant of ex-State Treasurer Woodruff, of Arkansas, and they now notify their readers in a two line item that he has made good the shortage.

THE Burdick Pipe-Line bill has been reported negatively to the House at Harrisburg. The reason for this act is manifest to any one at all conversant with the methods of the Standard Oil Company. The members of Pennsylvania's Legislature teem control of offending monopolies.

CONGRESSMAN JAMES KERR, of Clearfield, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, has taken steps to obtain $30,000 from Congress for the relief of the widows and orphans of the miners who lost their lives in the Mammoth Mine disaster, having drawn up a resolution to that effect.

DURING a discussion in the State Senate last week over the bill appropriating $150,000 to the Chicago World's Fair, Senator Packer moved to make the sum $100,000, on the ground that large amounts would be required for other purposes. His amendment was defeated, however, and the bill passed second reading.

THE New York *World* thinks that, in view of Quay's long delay in denying, it would be interesting to know precisely how recently he paid back that $100,000 borrowed of Senator Cameron to make good the defalcation of a Democratic official, his partner in speculation. Quay is waiting till that debt was discharged before speaking?

SOME of the leaders in the House are making an effort to secure a compromise on the pending free coinage bill. They propose as a substitute for the Senate bill a measure based primarily on larger purchases of silver by the Government. The free coinage scheme, however, is dying a natural death, and some of the heaviest silver men in the West are now opposing the passage of the bill.

MR. O'FERRALL, of Virginia, in the House last week stated that Mr. Cleveland would endorse the Democratic National platform in 1892, no matter what principles it contained. Mr. O'Ferrall is assuming a good deal. He will have hard work to make the country believe that Mr. Cleveland will endorse a platform advocating anything but a sound financial policy. The flat money craze has had its day—and it was too long at that.

AT a meeting of the unsecured creditors of Dalzell & Co., at Meadville last Thursday, it was resolved to accept 50 cents on the dollar. This amount is to be paid as follows: Ten cents on May 1, 1891; twenty cents May 1, 1892, and the remaining twenty cents on May 1, 1893. Over 200 creditors have accepted this compromise, and it is believed all will sign it. The estate is to be managed by three trustees, two to be selected by the creditors and the third by the insolvent company.

EX-MAYOR GRACE, of New York, does not hesitate to say what he thinks regarding the Presidential outlook for 1892. In an interview he says: "The political issue is the tariff, and Grover Cleveland, who was and is the greatest leader of the Democracy, and who had the courage to make that issue, is the man to lead his party to victory under its banner and the only one. Governor Hill cannot carry New York and Cleveland cannot only carry New York, but all of the States necessary to secure the country a Democratic President."

THE Sioux Indians are not satisfied with the result of their trip to Washington. Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse said to a reporter: "We had some promises, but they are like all other promises of the Great Father. We are not fooled and we go home with heavy hearts. We wanted General Miles, but he did not come. We shall tell our people that we have got some more promises. Then they will laugh at us and call us old fools." Promises is what the people of the country have received from the same source. That promised wave of prosperity has failed to put in appearance and the voters, like the Sioux, now have an opportunity to call themselves "old men"—squaws. But the Republican party is simply a party of office-seekers and promises never kept.

A HARRISBURG correspondent says: "Members of the Legislature from the country districts report considerable opposition among their constituents to the proj[ect]le [th]e [a]p- pointed [s]- ed syst[em] of Pac[ific] Bradfor[d] against [t]he [l]- ed in th[e] The fea[ture] providi[ng] permis[sion] roads. claim t[hat] to mak[e] ator Br[own] the bill but it [is] and Dr[ake] road co[mpany].

THE C[ourier] week [has] and severa[l] tak[en] bitter and sometimes slanderous upon the memory and character [of] [a] brave man, heaping him responsible for every wrong and rudeness committed by persons under his command, or by camp followers of his army during his march through South Carolina. This attack by the Democratic *News and Courier* upon the memory of as brave a soldier as ever wore the blue, is only equalled by Republican Senator Ingalls' [a]ttack upon the memory of Generals McClelland and Hancock simply [b]ecause they were Democrats. The South Carolina editor [h]as drawn [u]pon his [i]magination to occupy a niche in an asylum for the [i]nsane with [h]is [a]ssault as a [c]o[m]panion. The [c]harleston *News and Courier* is [i]mpudently [c]lamorous for [p]ublic [p]atronage here at the [N]ation[al] [C]apital, but [i]n the [e]vent of the [a]ppointment of a Democrat [t]o [a] [p]ublic [o]ffice, a general denial will [be] [r]eceived [f]rom [e]very [q]uarter.

In one sense it may be said that the country is seriously concerned. Mr. Quay has on his ticket received all the political honors that he is ever likely to get. Left to himself he will sink into the natural obscurity for which his talents fit him. If he does not care to clear his name from the evil suspicions that now rest upon it, others need not. All that is given. One thing, however, is certain as [h]e [r]emains [w]ith[in] the [r]each of [i]nvestigation [a]nd [p]rosecution, the Bank of [P]ennsylvania [C]ommissioners have [a] [p]owerful [a]nd [w]illing [a]lly.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Ex-Governor Foster Named as Secretary of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 19.—Mr. Harrison has been credited with being a man who could not be caught by the brass band brand of office seekers, but his nomination of ex-Governor ("Calico Charley") Foster to be Secretary of the Treasury proves that he not only can be, but that he has been caught by the brass band methods adopted by Foster and his friends to obtain control of the Treasury Department.

Personally there is nothing decidedly objectionable about Mr. Foster except the abnormally big head which his private financial success has given him, and which is certain to be greatly augmented by the new honor he has just captured. To be a self made man is highly creditable to anyone, but to be always telling, by your manner, as Mr. Foster does, how proud you are of the job, and how much better you have done it than God Almighty could have done, is anything else but creditable. Politically Mr. Foster is everything that is objectionable, he is a product of the Sherman Hayes-Keifer school, and I predict that within a year from this time the Treasury Department will have become what it was under the Hayes administration, when John Sherman, now Senator, was at its head a thoroughly organized political machine personally controlled by its Secretary.

There is no probability that the policy of the Treasury Department, if it can be said to have any policy, will be changed under Secretary Foster. It will go right on in opposition to giving the people a sufficient volume of currency to successfully transact the ever growing business of the country, and when its dear Wall street gets cramped it will, as usual, rush to the rescue with all the millions it can control. This sort of thing will go on until the 4th of March, 1893; then there will be a grand change.

Well, the orders of Czar Reed and Mr. Harrison have been carried out and the free coinage bill has been killed. The committee reported it adversely to the House, and one of its Republican members gleefully said: "Well, it will be impossible now to vote upon it at this session."

Between the consideration of appropriation bills the Senate has been debating the bill providing for the guarantee of $100,000,000 of the bonds of the Nicaragua Canal Company. Senator Vest made a very strong speech against it, in which he called attention to the millions this Government has sunk in the Pacific railroads and pointed out the fact that the passage of this bill would violate a treaty with England and be the certain cause of war. Senator Morgan defended the bill and intimated that there were special reasons, not made public, why it should be passed. It is almost certain to pass the Senate, but look out for the liveliest kind of a circus when it reaches the House.

Czar Reed grows more as the time draws near for him to be uncrowned; he now not only refuses to have a capitulation of a vote announced for the information of the House, but he orders the clerk to read a skeleton journal instead of the full journal of the previous day's proceedings, and he has members not present entered thereon as being present and refuses to allow changes to be made when attention is called to such palpable errors, and he is supported by the vote of every Republican. On Saturday Representative Oates, who is credited with being one of the most conservative men in the House, stated, as did his colleagues, Clements and Turner, of Georgia, Blanchard, of Louisiana, and Wilson, of Missouri, that he was ordered up on the journal of the previous day as present and not voting, when as a matter of fact he was not present—he left the House with other Democrats for the purpose of breaking a quorum. Failing to get the error corrected Mr. Crisp said that he wished to call the attention of the country to the manner in which the presiding officer made up and falsified the record. This arraignment brought a storm of applause from the Democratic side and the galleries. Is it any wonder that Democrats in the House filibuster?

The story published here purporting to state by authority that Mr. Cleveland would under no circumstances be a candidate next year, was undoubtedly concocted by an enemy of Mr. Cleveland and it did not require that gentlemen's denial to refute it. His position is well understood here. Of course everybody knows that he isn't a candidate, that is to say that he isn't seeking the nomination—if he was the anti-silver letter would never have been written. That he would refuse the nomination if tendered, no one for a moment believes, unless he thought his acceptance would jeopardize the success of the party.

To-day is a legal holiday and the Departments are all closed; Tuesday and Thursday of last week they were closed on account of the funerals of Admiral Porter and General Sherman. No people anywhere get as many holidays as the Department clerks here. H.

DENIAL NOT ENOUGH.

Quay Must Not Expect the Public to Take Him at His Word.

(From the Boston Advertiser, Rep.)

If Senator Quay expects the public to take him at his word and ask no further questions he will find himself egregiously mistaken. A mere denial, even if it be a general denial will not be sufficient to satisfy the people of Pennsylvania. [illegible] Bradford [illegible] against [illegible] ed in the [illegible]

THE DISASTROUS FLOODS.

Why There is a Tendency to an Increase of Destructiveness.

Western and Central Pennsylvania have been put through the annual Spring flood experience with the difference that the floods came before Spring was [illegible], and that they have been rather higher than usual. The damage at Pittsburg and vicinity is estimated at $2,000,000, and Wheeling, West Virginia, is a sufferer to the extent of half a million. No estimate of the damage to the smaller towns along the Allegheny and Ohio is furnished, but it is undoubtedly large. In the valley of the West Branch and its tributaries, the waters reached the twenty-foot mark, but beyond some personal inconvenience to those who live nearest the river and were compelled to move out temporarily, the damage appears to have been trifling.

That the floods have a tendency to increase in force and destructiveness is not to be wondered at. The great forests which formerly held the heavy rains and melting snow as a sponge holds the water it absorbs, are being destroyed as fast as greed, assisted by modern machinery, can destroy them. The rains and melting snow now rush down bare hillsides without hindrance and swell the creeks and rivers to the point of overflowing banks in a very short time. To add to the destructive power of the rushing waters thus hastily precipitated into river channels, railway embankments and the wharf lines of towns and cities encroach upon the original beds of our rivers, thus furnishing greatly restricted channels through which an increased volume of water must be forced. The wonder is not that modern floods are destructive, but that they are not more so.

By the way of compensation for sweeping away the loose timber and leaving a deposit of mud on the floors of mills and dwellings along river valleys, the floods have some sanitary value. A big rain, followed by a big flood in the streams, will clean out more refuse matter noxious to health than all the Health Boards and Street Cleaning Bureaus in the universe. The saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, might be as truthfully made to apply to floods as to winds. The valleys of the Allegheny and Susquehanna will be much more fit for human habitation since the recent high floods than they were before.

ANOTHER MINE HORROR.

Terrific Explosion in a Nova Scotia Mine—120 Lives Lost.

A Halifax, N. S., dispatch gives the following particulars of another mine horror. "The first great disaster in the history of the Cumberland coal fields occurred on Saturday afternoon when an explosion took place in the east slope of the Spring Hill mines, resulting in the loss of over a hundred lives and the destruction of the mine. Choke damp immediately set in after the explosion, and all the men beyond the debris where the explosion occurred were undoubtedly smothered.

"Within a few minutes after the report was heard the mouth of the pit was surrounded by broken-hearted wives and mothers, whose shrieks rent the air as the dead and dying forms of their husbands and sons were slowly brought to the surface. The bodies were terribly mutilated. Several of the victims whose bodies have been recovered were killed by the choke damp. All the horses were killed. Several members of families are among the killed. A father went down the slope and found his three sons lying together. The sight sickened and unnerved him so that he had to return to the surface without them. He was frantic with grief. The total number of dead is placed at 117.

"The cause of the disaster is a mystery, as the slope was examined by a committee of men last week and reinspected on Friday by the Deputy Government Inspector.

"This is the first great disaster which has occurred in the Cumberland coal fields and the third most disastrous in the history of Nova Scotia. The two previous calamities were the explosions at the Hard Pit, Stellarton, ten years ago, where forty-five lives were lost, and the disaster at the Drummond mine, Westville, seventeen years ago, when sixty-five men were killed. The Spring Hill mine is owned by English and Montreal capitalists. It employed 1,000 men and had an output of half a million tons a year."

A later dispatch says that the list of dead has been increased to 120. It has been decided that the explosion was not due to the firing of a blast. The list of widows has been swelled to 54, and orphans to 161.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

Five Miners Rescued After an Imprisonment of Nineteen Days.

After being entombed nineteen days in the ill-fated mine at Jeanesville five victims of the terrible disaster, which occurred on the morning of February 4th, were found alive last Monday night at 11:30 o'clock. The five survivors are Hungarians, and their rescue is regarded as a miracle. These with the thirteen bodies already found, make eighteen men who were caught by the rush of water and imprisoned in the mine. How they survived is a miracle. Nothing like it has been known or heard of in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania.

On Monday night while the search [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

LOOK AT THESE PRICES.

Below we give a partial list of our Book stock, showing the publishers' price and ours.

STANDARD WORKS.

	Pub. Price.	Our Price.
Alcott's	$1.25	$1.00
Alger	1.25	.90
Bills	.75	.50
Old	.75	.50
Prentice	.75	.50
Calhoun	.75	.50
Chipwau	.75	.50
Trowbridge	1.25	.90
Hawthorne	1.75	1.25
Artemus Ward's Wheelbarrow	1.25	.90
Tourgee	1.50	1.00
Oliver Optic	1.50	.95
Mary Agnes Fleming	1.25	.90
E. P. Roe	1.25	.95
Mrs. Holmes	1.25	.95

The Following Red Line Series of Poets.

Publisher's price, 75 cents; our price 50 cents.
Shakespeare, Homer's Iliad, Burns' Complete Poetical Works, Quotations, Heber, Irish Humorous Poetry, Longfellow, Lowell, Paradise Lost, Wordsworth, Chaucer, Byron, Bryant.
Complete Works, full gilt backs. A few sets have left. Publisher's price $2.00; our price $1.00.
Shakespeare, Byron, Mrs. Browning, Longfellow, Moore, Whittier.
Montrose Bound, paneled covers, only a few left, at 35 cents to $1.15 each.

SETS THINK OF IT.

	Pub. Price.	Our Price.
Cooper, 5 vols	$4.00	$2.50
Frontier Series, 4 vols	4.00	2.50
Life Boat Series, 6 vols	4.50	3.00
Ewing's 3 vols	3.00	2.00
Spring-time Stories, 6 vols	4.50	3.00
Proverb Series, 6 vols	4.50	3.00
Young Folks' Library, 6 vols	4.50	3.00
Nature History Series, 6 vols	4.50	3.00
Castaway, 1 vol	.90	.50
Gibbons' Rome, 3 vols	4.50	3.00
Macaulay's Hist England, 3 vols	4.00	3.00
Waverly Novels, 12 vols	9.00	5.00

Our line of Penmanship Paper, formerly 35 cents, now 25 cents. Many books we cannot enumerate here. Call and look them over. This Cost Sale will continue until entire stock is closed.

VANHORN & JENNINGS.

LOCAL NOTICES.

WANTED.—A girl to do general house-work in a small family. Enquire of Mrs. Frank Conevery.

PERSONS who get their sale bills printed at the GAZETTE office will receive a free notice in the columns of the GAZETTE.

THE dressmaking establishment of Mr. S. V. Bennett and Miss Tina Embree is doing a large amount of satisfactory work at very low prices.

THE party who took the tackle blocks from the barn of W. H. Fretz, on Queen street, will save trouble and costs by returning the same at once.

EVERY newspaper in this part of the country is sounding the praise of Sancuta coffee, until it has become a household word and its use a household necessity.

THE spring stock now arriving at the Boston Clothing House is the most elegant line of men's, boys' and childrens' clothing ever brought to Wellsboro, Pa.

ROOMS TO RENT.—Over Unger's clothing store. Fitted up especially for family use. Enquire of S. Unger, Wellsboro, or Finklestein Bros., at Tioga or Westfield.

LAST CALL.—All accounts not settled with me before I leave Wellsboro will be left with my attorney for collection. Come and settle up like men and save trouble and expense. E. JACOBSON.
February 26, 1891-2t.

WE have still quite a quantity of household goods on hand; also a piano in good order that we wish to dispose of very cheap for cash. Will be sold on time if desired. Please call at my residence on Meade street, W. HILLS, Pa.
February 26, 1891-2t. E. JACOBSON.

THERE are at the county house, six bright girls between the ages of 2 and 7 years, for whom the Children's Aid Committee desire to secure homes in respectable families. Any woman willing to receive one into her family may communicate with Mrs. F. E. Watrous, Secretary of Children's Aid Committee, Wellsboro, Pa.—February 26, 1891-3t.

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1891.

New Advertisements.

Vick's Seeds—J. A. Vick.
Sheriff's Sale—F. M. Shaffer, Sheriff.
Scott's Emulsion—Remington Bros.
Spring Dress Goods—Mathers, Graves & Co.
Administrator's Notice—Estate of William Benson.

LOCAL AND COUNTY MATTERS.

—Osceola has a lodge of Hostile Indians.

—There is not a licensed saloon in this county.

—Arnot's new school-house is nearly completed.

—Tioga proposes to have a bank in the near future.

—Mr. Charles Watkins has opened a jewelry store at Tioga.

—Several cases of scarlet fever are reported at Stokesdale.

—A Covington man has six children sick with the measles.

—Fair day of the week occurs four times each this month.

—Ice cans made their appearance in this place yesterday morning.

—Several of Tioga's idle coke ovens were started last week.

—Dr. [illegible] of Baltimore, recently visited Antrim.

—Lager beer is plentiful and cheaper, selling for [illegible].

—A Tioga [illegible] 20 bushels of apples [illegible].

—Bunn Bros. [illegible] are about [illegible] feet [illegible].

—Several hogs have been [illegible] burg [illegible] last week.

—Mr. [illegible] Morris and Miss Westcott [illegible].

—Sister Jennie [illegible] have made [illegible].

—Isaac Bird [illegible] and manufacturing [illegible].

—A [illegible] placed in the [illegible] trim.

—Mr. Charles Fuller, of the Band, is the instructor of the Roaring Branch band.

—Rafting has already commenced on some of the branches of the Susquehanna.

—Preparations are being made to build a hotel on the site of the Daley House at Osceola.

—A bridge nearly 600 feet long has been completed across Pine creek at Cliff Run.

—Mrs. W. B. Rhoades and daughter [illegible] are visiting relatives at Westfield.

—[illegible] Hatch, of Lawrenceville, recently [illegible] 100 bushels of apples at 50 per bushel.

—Hill & Dunn, formerly of Middlebury, have [illegible] and will keep a full line of feed [illegible].

—The [illegible] of Tioga talk of building a [illegible] and Knoxville.

—Henry [illegible] with a view to [illegible] entering [illegible].

—Mr. [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] in this [illegible].

—Mr. [illegible] Mann, of Westfield, [illegible] in this place [illegible].

—Several [illegible] have [illegible] and [illegible] land.

—A [illegible] placed in the [illegible] trim.

—Mr. Charles Fuller, of the Band, is the instructor of the Roaring Branch band.

—Rafting has already commenced on some of the branches of the Susquehanna.

—Preparations are being made to build a hotel on the site of the Daley House at Osceola.

—A bridge nearly 600 feet long has been completed across Pine creek at Cliff Run.

—Mrs. W. B. Rhoades and daughter [illegible] are visiting relatives at Westfield.

—[illegible] Hatch, of Lawrenceville, recently [illegible] 100 bushels of apples at 50 per bushel.

—Hill & Dunn, formerly of Middlebury, have [illegible] and will keep a full line of feed [illegible].

—The [illegible] of Tioga talk of building a [illegible] and Knoxville.

—Henry [illegible] with a view to [illegible] entering [illegible].

—Mr. [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] in this [illegible].

—Mr. [illegible] Mann, of Westfield, [illegible] in this place yesterday morning.

—Several of Tioga's idle coke ovens were started last week.

—Dr. [illegible] of Baltimore, recently visited Antrim.

—Lager beer is plentiful and cheaper, selling for [illegible].

—A Tioga [illegible] 20 bushels of apples [illegible].

—Bunn Bros. [illegible] are about [illegible] feet [illegible].

—Several hogs have been [illegible] burg [illegible] last week.

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1891.

The Recipe.

Down, down the dark cañons we ride in a hurry,
The cyclone sweep by in their mystical hurry,
Gone into the wind are the laughter and worry,
Gone into the West with the phantom moon.
Ha! there is the soul of the hills and the valleys,
It is he that leads to the midsummer sallies
High into the storm where the gray chapar-ral lies;
It is he that leads to the long lagoon,
Where the wild mustard splashes the slope with yellow,
He has turned at bay in the powerful fellow
Now he breaks a wild path thro' the deep, pungy rushes,
(A loud yell and a tamarisk bushes,
Birds on the wing, gleam under leafy nests,
O, the joy of the West on our faces. We forbow
The cañons are about down the peppy long
Jacks.
See! to the north we have started the —ssacre,
And short of the —ow —ver's fork,
Ho!—What was it passed—were they pigeons or warriors?
That wild call was a hawk's or a coyote's.
The rose color thickens, the deep pure sky is —w,
Now the last swings —ow into the west—
Speed, —
Sweep —
The h —
The —
Now —
Now —
Let the thoughts in the heart grow pensive and tender,
Then stars—and the dreams of a summer night.

—Charles Edwin Markham in the Overland.

MARTHA'S MISSION.

Like a lily, tall and slender and graceful, Martha Fairfield looked in her deep mourning dress, waxen white complexion and liquid gray eyes, as she stood at the widow, waiting for the rumble of the omnibus wheels en route for the station, while close at her side a heavy-eyed widow resolutely endeavored to keep back the tears.

"It will not be for long, mamma, dear," said Martha, encouragingly.

And Mrs. Fairfield answered bravely, "No, darling, it will not be for long."

"And only to think, mamma," went on Martha, cheerily, "I am to have £160 a year and a six weeks' vacation in the summer, and all the duties I am to perform are —ing companion to —y invalid. You don't know how rich I feel, mamma, dear. And I shall send you a check for the very first quarterly payment I receive; for what do I need of money, mamma, with my nice, new outfit of dresses?"

Mrs. Fairfield sighed softly. A situation for Martha had been the most earnest desire of mother and daughter for the past six months ever since Colonel Fairfield's death had left them comparatively penniless; but now that it had actually come, by means of a newspaper advertisement that Martha had valiantly answered, she felt a vague sense of coming danger and misfortune, which was inexplicable even to herself.

A long, loving embrace, a tearful parting—and the moment so long dreaded by both was over; and the future had begun for Martha.

The first page of the volume was simple enough—a long, wearisome journey by rail, a lumbering coach ride afterward, into the very heart of —ld Kirk purplish tinges of twilight were beginning to settle down in the gorges, the coach stopped.

"Cross-road to Campington Hall!" called out the driver, hoarsely. "Now, then, miss, look alive; there's a carriage waitin'."

"Miss Fairfield," said the charioteer of this latter equipage, respectfully touching his hat, "Please, miss, Dr. Campington sent me down here to meet you."

"Dr. Campington!" Martha repeated. "Oh, to be sure?" as it flashed upon her mind that Dr. Campington must be the medical attendant of her invalid patroness. "Is it far?"

"No, miss—a matter of two miles or more."

"Two miles." Martha leaned wearily back in the carriage, and drew down her veil to conceal the drops that crept in her eyes.

It was a dismal desolate ride, spite of the sublime scenery that spread itself, like a panorama, on either side of her; and Martha Fairfield could not but rejoice when the man said: "There's the Hall, miss."

It was a spacious and rather gloomy-looking structure, standing on a height, with a terraced walk extending along its whole front.

"What a large house!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, miss, it is large," said the driver. "We've had fifty patients there at a time."

Again Martha stared, and again her ready wit suggested a solution of the difficulty. Was it not possible that this lady for whom her services were secured was an inmate of a "Water-Cure" or "Hygeian Home" or some such retreat for the ailing?

"Miss Fairfield," spoke a cheerful voice. "Pray let me assist you to alight. I am Dr. Campington."

And a tall, middle-aged, handsome gentleman with a high, Shakspearian brow and mustache slightly grizzled—who led the way into a pretty octagon study or reception room, with a red carpet, crimson curtains and walls lined with books, whose gilded bindings reflected the cheery blaze of a good fire.

"Pray be seated, Miss Fairfield," he said. "The servants will bring you some tea directly; and when you are a little rested and refreshed my housekeeper, Mrs. Bland, will show you to your room."

And —the apartment before Martha —the eager questions which —ed to her lips.

Presently —me in, with a tray —oyed, ham, French roll —ome pot of fragrant tea —, was only a —petite of 18, a —ition that might —ve —ith of

Martha followed her to the door; and there, pacing up and down the wide passage, by the light of a suspended lamp, was a silver-haired woman, with a large wax doll in her arms, over which she bent her head, making an inarticulate cooing sound as she walked.

"Who is that?" she asked of the woman who was leading the passive "Ophelia" away.

"It's Mrs. Jessup. Poor thing!" she added in an undertone, "she thinks that's her baby as died and was buried thirteen good year ago. There comes the doctor now."

As Dr. Campington entered Martha Fairfield confronted him with a pale face.

"Sir," said she wildly, "what place is this you have brought me to? A—mad-house?"

He sat quietly down, beckoning her to an opposite chair with an air of quiet authority that she found it impossible to resist.

"You are quite right," said he. "It is what the world calls a madhouse, but we who are wiser in the history of mental and mental diseases, term it a Sanitary Retreat."

But you have deceived me. You advertised for a companion—to an invalid."

Have we not many invalids here? Dr. Campington asked with a smile.

I put it to your own reason and good sense how every measure we should seek to ameliorate the unfortunate victims of mental aberration—were it not thus. Would a keeper in a madhouse, Miss Fairfield, have access to the —ry rooms? But take time to reflect. Your duties will be light, merely the superintendence of conversation and delicate invalids who can not be intrusted to the coarse and unnatured attention of menials—your salary double what was mentioned in the advertisement. I will await your decision to-morrow morning in this apartment, Betsy," to the little maid who had brought the tea, "show Miss Fairfield to her room."

And in a large and airy apartment, with casements which overlooked the mountain slopes, Martha Fairfield sat down to decide.

There was something in Dr. Campington's calm eye and calmer words that reassured her—the "Madhouse" seemed no longer to possess terror in her sight.

"We have outgrown the superstitious age of the world," she told herself; "and I, in particular, have always prided myself on my strength of mind. I have—a mission—$300 a year. With that sum I could give dear mamma even luxuries. Yes I will stay!"

"Well, which is it to be—yes or no?" Dr. Campington asked on the morrow, when Martha met him, with clear, violet eyes and looks of quiet resolve.

"Yes."

"I thought so. In fact, I knew it," he said, laughing. "For I am rather a physiognomist in my way, and I read your face yesterday."

And Martha stayed at Campington Hall; but she never wrote to her mother that she was in a—madhouse!

At the end of the quarter Dr. Campington paid her £75.

"Well," said he, "have you found it very hard work?"

Martha smilingly shook her head.

"On the contrary," said she, "I like it. Ophelia is one of the sweetest girls and best companions I ever knew; when she can forget her one delusion; and—"

"Yes," said Dr. Campington, "and they all like you. So do I."

Martha smiled and colored. Dr. Campington watched her face intently.

"Miss Fairfield," said he, "you have never asked me what nearly every one else does—why I do not marry?"

"Indeed, Mr. Dr. Campington, I am —agine the reason. Your standard is high—you never yet have met the woman to realize it."

"You are wrong, then, Martha," said he. "I have met her. She stands before me now. Martha, I may as well confess the truth—I have allowed myself to fall in love with you, hard-headed, hard-hearted man of medicine though I am. Will you become my wife?" And Martha Fairfield answered, "Yes; I will."

Gracious, graceful and gentle, she presides over Campington Hall, the sweetest and happiest of young wives, proud in her husband's marvelous power of doing good; proud in her mother's happiness; still prouder of her own success in soothing the jarred natures of those in whose minds reason sits unsteadily. "I used to long for a mission," Martha says. "I have found it now."

Miss Nilsson's Fondness for Poker.

"Do you know what's the matter with Nilsson, the famous concert singer?" remarked Capt. A. H. Mathews. "She's a poker fiend, and has injured her voice through her passion for the green cloth. I don't know whether she still stays up of nights playing poker, but she used to. I remember some years ago, when I was writing musical criticisms for the *Enquirer* I sent my card up to the madam at her hotel and requested an interview. She sent word for me to come up. I found her playing poker with Marcus Mayer and Henry Abbey. She was expecting a visit from a clergyman—madam, you know was religious. Well, the clergyman came, but before he was admitted the paper chips and cards were hastily covered up. Madam had just won a big jackpot and was in violet eyes and looks of quiet resolve. good humor, and I suppose that's why she sings so well."

CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT?

A WEIRD TALE OF MODERN WITCH-CRAFT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Believers in Ridiculous Incantations, Ceremonies and Prescriptions to Ward Off the Powers of Evil.

"I was on a business trip through central Pennsylvania recently," said a New York traveling man, "and stopped one night in a quiet little old Pennsylvania Dutch town. An old woman had died in the place that day, and wherever I went about the village her death seemed to be the leading topic. I finally asked the landlord of the hotel where I stopped who or what the old woman had been.

"'O, she was a hex,' the landlord replied.

"Not having the least suspicion of what on the world a hex might be, I pushed inquiry, and learned that a great many people in that vicinity and in fact throughout that entire part of the state were still firm believers in witchcraft and in the power of certain persons, by ridiculous incantations, ceremonies and prescriptions known under the generic name of 'pow wowing,' to drive the witches away from persons, animals and crops of whatever kind they happened to be under the influence of. These witches, who were mostly women, and were known in Pennsylvania Dutch as hexes. They were held in great respect and the death of one was regarded as a calamity to the believers in witches. The woman who had just died had been a person fairly successful at hex, and her death was an event of no little importance in the village.

"'Now, I don't believe in witches myself, or in the power of a hex,' said the landlord, 'but I would be obliged to some one who could explain to me an occurrence with which this woman who has just died was concerned, and which came under my observation.

"'I don't know how old the hex was who died to-day. No one knows. But twenty years ago she was an old woman. She was the widow of a well-known Pennsylvania Dutch farmer, Jacob Freitcher, who died a quarter of a century ago. Although she was left wealthy, her daughter went out to service, as is the custom with the girls of Pennsylvania Dutch parentage, although they may be prospective heiresses to thousands. This girl, then about 20 years of age, worked at this very hotel. Her name was Barbara, and she is to-day the wife of one of the richest farmers in the county. The landlord at that time was a leading man in this county, and usually a jovial sort of fellow. His name was Joseph Boyer. For some reason he never could explain he took an intense dislike to the old hex's daughter, who worked for him. I have often heard him say that when he was near the girl, or she was in his presence, he could scarcely restrain himself from doing her personal injury, and was constantly, against his will, wishing that he or some one else might make her suffer. It was a most singular feeling, for the girl was honest and industrious, and, as the landlord frequently said, the best girl he ever had in his house.

"'Boyer's unaccountable hatred of the hex's daughter was not the only strange fact connected with the two. The girl's fear of her employer amounted to terror. She trembled visibly when he was in sight, and that she suffered greatly could be seen by the expression of her face. At times she fell into fainting fits after Boyer had left her sight, out of which she was revived with difficulty. Another singular thing was that the girl quit the landlord's employ several times, but after an absence of a few days invariably came back and re-entered his service. She told his wife that she had such pains while she was away that she was forced to come back for relief.

"'It seems that Barbara, who was a sensible girl and [illegible] superstitions her mother was believed to hold the charms against, did not make known to her mother the peculiar sensations and sufferings she experienced and endured until nearly a year after they first appeared. Then, finding that she got no better, she confided in her mother, who told her at once that she was bewitched.

"'But who would want to bewitch me, mother?' she asked.

"'I don't know,' replied her mother; 'but I will find out.'

"The old hex took a piece of black paper, took down his watch hook, something every hex has, copied something from it on the paper, and folded the paper. She then gave her daughter a hammer and a sharp nail and told her that at 12 o'clock on the first night of the first new moon she must take the paper, the hammer and the nail with her to an ash tree that stood at the cross-roads a mile beyond the village. She must place the paper against the tree, and with one blow of the hammer send the nail home through the paper. That, the hex said, would not only destroy the witch, but would discover the person or thing that the witch had acted through.

"'I remember it was a night in early fall that Boyer, three others, and myself sat down in the back room yonder to play a few games of euchre. Just before we sat down the landlord glanced out of the window there.

"'Hullo! a new moon, and I saw it over my left shoulder. I won't have any luck to-night.'

"We played along until it got to be almost midnight, and we dealt for the last game. As the clock in the hall struck twelve Boyer picked up his cards. The next second he sprang to his feet, with a look of terror I shall never forget. He cried out almost shrieked, the name of the hex's daughter, and fell back in the chair dead!

"Of course, we were all paralyzed with horr[illegible] at first, but, recovering, [illegible] to do what we could [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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